

HalfLife: Aftermath

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Summary: Set 7 years after Half-Life, Gordon is summoned back to Earth, did he have any effect on the Combine at all? R&R! CHAPTER 2 UP!

## 1. Disjointed

**\*\*HALF LIFE 2:  
AFTERMATH\*\***

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**\*\*Disclaimer:\*\***

\_Remember to add Disclaimer when finished, it must include that fact that VALVe owns HL2 and everything associated...blah  
blah\_  
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**\*\*CHAPTER ONE: Dis-jointed\*\*.**

\_Darkness.\_

\_Infinite darkness...a slight rustle here and there...\_

\_I'm scared. Where am I?\_

\_I can't feel anything...Wait...what...what's that? A light in the near distance?\_

\_I can feel my legs again...maybe...yes...yes, I can run! The light's getting closer....Almost...almost...yes!\_

A figure stumbled out of a tunnel somewhere along the destructed

Highway 17. He knew where he was now, and grinned. He was alive, he survived. He spied a Barn beside the sea, a few hundred yards away. Towards it he strided, as if a figure of authority, As he got closer, his gaze was drawn to a window in a house near the barn, in it he saw a greying man wearing a smart blue suit, he did a double take, but the man was gone. It was shrugged off as a side-effect of what had happened to him prior of arrival on Highway 17.

He slowly trundled into the house, peeking inside before actually going in, everything was clear; in the corner he spotted a Security Station. "Perfect," he whispered to himself, "I can contact the Combine to come and pick me up," he tapped something into the console and walked outside, shading his eyes from the sun with his hand and staring into the distance, where a half-destroyed building towered high above all others. He sighed to himself, and rested against a wall, peering into a house window out of boredom, in it was that same greying man wearing a smart blue suit and holding a black-leather suitcase. The man was staring at him, motionless. "Oh my God!" he whispered, startled "Who are you!?" he looked back but in a single blink, the man was gone.

He sidestepped away from the house cautiously and quickly looked to the skies again. A Combine gunship was floating smoothly towards him. He let out a sigh of relief and started waving his arms, as the ship got closer, his white hair and goatee started to blow in the wind. He saw a blue torrent of energy burst from the gunships cannon.

That was the last thing Wallace Breen ever saw. A distorted laugh crackled throughout the hills of Highway 17 and the Gunship swiftly turned and flew into the everlasting distance.

Somewhere past City 17, surrounded by sewage and radiation, a small factory-type building rumbled, and a burst of white energy flew out of a chimney, turning it red with heat. Once the smoke was cleared, a scream erupted from the chimney also, not one of pain or fear, but one of joy and achievement. Inside, Dr. Isaac Kleiner was laughing, he was completely covered in sludge and soot, but he was still happy. He strolled up to a small desk holding a computer, a Tiki-doll and a Skull that a Headcrab was furiously sucking on and started tapping in results. A girl in her early thirties ran in, she had a few scars here and there, and one arm of her jacket was empty, she was followed by an aging black man in a wheel-chair, for legs he had two curved metal hook-type things. He was being pushed by a woman in her late 50's, with greying red hair and small burn scars down the left side of her face. These three individuals were Alyx, Eli and Judith Vance.

Alyx looked at Dr. Kleiner "Have you done it? Was that blast the suppressor?!", he looked at her with a stern look on his face, "That's confidential information," after a few seconds he grinned, and the bemused look on Alyx's face quickly vanished; it was replaced by a smile. She raised her arm to hug him, but quickly lowered them after seeing the mess that had congealed on his lab-coat. She walked towards a machine that was still giving off some smoke, an orb-type object pulsed inside a huge tube, glowing with light. She wiped some soot from the machine's pristine-silver control panel and inadvertantly pressed a large flat yellow button, the orb began pulsing faster and span, getting brighter, the tube clouded up and a slight crack appeared at the side, next to a machine with three hollow cylindrical energy bars in a large...thing. Eli and Judith

shaded their eyes, Dr. Kleiner grabbed Hede Lamarr (the Headcrab) and crawled under a desk, holding multiple "ATI Radeon EMP Pulse Generators", all Alyx could do is fall back and watch the carnage unfold. A bolt of white energy blew from the crack and hit a huge metal security door, evaporating it, almost. Another bolt flew from the tube and hit the piece of machinery next to the Suppressor, setting off the three cylindrical objects inside it. They started spinning; creating a wall of blue energy. Another blast knocked Eli, Judith, Alyx and Dr. Kleiner back, Lamarr leaped from Dr. Kleiner's grip and jumped into an air-ventilation duct, frightened. As Alyx drifted into unconsciousness, she saw a familiar figure appear in the teleportation device. Her heart skipped a beat and she drifted away.

"Did you hear a Cat just then? That thing haunts me..."

Gordon Freeman awoke from his ever-so-slow timewarp. He saw the graying man wearing a blue suit/tie and holding a leatherbound briefcase. The ever-so-commonly-referred-to G-man.

"Wel-come back, Mr Free Man," he paused and adjusted his tie.

"It's been too long? I think it'ssss time to...get to work." He smiled.

"I think...you should help your friendsss. You'll be happy, to know I didn't take any offersss. For the time being...you belong to me. I'll be seeing you soon?"

The G-man added a sarcastic smile to his final comment and faded from Gordon's view.

The blue shield around Gordon dissapeared, and he- by strange instinct- instantly collected a Crowbar lying next to a couple of Supply Boxes. He did so only after noticing he had been stripped of all weaponry and his HEV suit. He was in a blue jumpsuit, now. Too bad, that modified Gravity Gun would've been really helpful for what was coming up. Gordon spotted Alyx laying near a smashed console and sprinted towards her, instantly checking her pulse. She was alive, just. He also checked Eli, Judith and was in the process of checking Dr. Kleiner when a familiar sound echoed into his ears, one that not only filled him with dread, but with anger and a slight sense of dissapointment. It was all for nothing, as the sound was the familiar feedback of a Combine radio. Tactical was the only word Gordon could make out, and there were at least 4 Soldiers in the corridor. Before the combine stormed into the room, Gordon at least had time to ready his crowbar. A large metal door that had been previously disintegrated by the Suppressor smoked up as a Smoke-Grenade was thrown close to it. It was followed by another Grenade with a blue flashing light. After a few seconds, a blue beam was shown from the latter grenade, it swepted from side to side within about a 5 meter radius. Gordon instantly knew what this was and leaped out of the laser's reach, in the unknown time that he was gone, the Combine had manufactured a Turret Grenade. It would be handy if he could get some...Gordon was pulled from his thought train when another crackle came from a Combine radio and 4 figures burst into the room from the overwhelming smoke-grenade fog.

With only the shortest time to think, Gordon pulled himself behind a couple of Supply crates and quietly opened them, hoping something

good would come of it. He was correct. An old Pistol was his reward for outstanding thinking, equipped with a 30 bullet chamber and laser-sight. Gordon let loose a half-smile and aimed directly at a Soldier's head. Another Combine noticed the red beam and alerted the others, Gordon quickly pulled the trigger and the Soldier flopped back, dead. He quickly fired rounds into the other two, but ran out of bullets when tackling the final one. The Soldier chuckled and aimed at Gordon, but before he could shoot he was mysteriously blinded. Dr. Kleiner's headcrab had leaped onto the soldier's head, hoping to extract any fluids what-so-ever. Gordon took this chance and decided to try out a new move, he pistol-whipped the Soldier, that would come in handy during reloads! Lamarr hopped to the other soldiers gummy at their wounds and replenishing himself while Gordon saw to Dr. Kleiner, who was slowly but surely regaining consciousness.

"My Lord...is that....is that you Gordon?" Dr. Kleiner adjusted his glasses. Gordon noticed a small moustache the Doctor had been growing.

"It...it's been 7 years! What happened? Where were you? You don't look a day older! This is fascinat-" his sentence was cut short by groans coming from the back of the laboratory. Eli and Judith were waking, Alyx was also starting to move, slightly. "Eli, Judith, Alyx! Gordon's back! Gordon's back!" shouted Dr. Kleiner, excitedly. Gordon smiled, happy to be so loved. Isaac noticed the crowbar Gordon was wielding and giggled, "back to your old tricks, I noticed," also spotting the dead soldiers. "At least Lamarr's happy." he smiled, and looked at Eli, who was slowly wheeling over, still dazed. "Eli, are you ok?", Isaac inquired. "What happened?" mumbled Eli, eyes still closed. "Alyx accidentally set off the Suppressor and...well, look what happened.", Eli opened his eyes, and he felt his heart tingle as his eyes were met with the familiar figure of Gordon Freeman, the One Free Man, a God about this world. Eli gasped, as if seeing a miracle, which it was in all rights. Gordon just grinned, politely. Judith and Alyx got up simultaneously and looked at each other, not even noticing Gordon. "Girls, girls...so good of you to get up, I'd like you to meet our guest...Mr. Gordon S. Freeman", Judith and Alyx's eyes both widened and they turned to see if what Eli said was true, there he was-even in dirty clothes he was still a vision of brilliance. Judith fainted, and Alyx ran over and wrapped her arm around Gordon, he looked surprised. "Oh, Gordon...I missed you so much." Alyx grinned and walked to her dad, resting on his chair.

"Gordon, I expect you wish to catch up on everything that's happened in the past 7 years, let me fill you in..." Gordon gave a slight nod and Dr. Kleiner continued with his speech, offering a seat to Gordon. "Please, sit down...you may need to," they both sat, and Alyx hopped into a desk, even Lamarr leaped over and started sucking a skull which Gordon noticed was marinated in some sort of liquid. "We thought you had perished in the explosion, which destroyed most of the Citadel and took Eli's remaining leg, Alyx's arm and scarred Mrs. Vance." Alyx looked at the floor. "We also thought Wallace Breen had been killed, but no remains were found, and last week his body was found by a party of rebels on Highway 17." he looked at a poster on the wall showing a dead Wallace Breen, the Lambda logo in the bottom corner. "Anyway, after the explosion, the Combine left the Citadel and...just disappeared, however they still have just as much power as before, the only upside is, we have almost the same amount.

The rebels secretly raided what was left of the Citadel and have built a new HQ somewhere inbetween City 14 and 15, right now you're at Black Mesa East again, this is where we make most of the weaponry, as you can see...we've built a supressor from the Citadel remains." he looked at a huge piece of machinery with multiple cracks in a large glass tube. "Of course..it still has some bugs to work out." he nervously grinned.

"As I was saying, City 17 is still under Combine command, but the rebels are expanding in the lost-zones, the areas outside of cities...and we're even getting messages from Arizona." a smile cracked on Dr. Kleiner's face. "Do you know what that means? Black Mesa may not be destroyed! Though nobody is willing to find out, the Combine have a S.A.M which instantly blows any aircraft or boat from the face of the Earth. And we can't risk a teleportation, just as we had began to give up...you arrived. We need you Gordon, could you help us? Please?" Gordon just stared, he slowly nodded his head as confirmation and got up, thinking.

"Thanks, Gordon. You're a savior, a God amongst rebellers. Do you know what they called the HQ between City 14 and 15?" Eli asked, Gordon shrugged. "They call it the Gordon Freeman Alliance. Your memory and achievements is the only thing keeping everyone going. Thankyou." Eli wheeled out of the room. Alyx walked over to Gordon and passed him some paper. "Here's the exact location of the S.A.M command station whereabouts. It's heavily guarded, even for you. But we can't risk any rebels being killed, so we've decided to give you something even better" a sly smile appeared on her face and she led him down a hallway into a sewer with four ducts all filled with headcrabs.

"I'll leave you with Xelos, our Vortigaunt helper; he'll show you the ropes." a large Vortigaunt walked over and bowed. "Ah, the Free Man has returned, brilliant timing, sir. Take this." he passed Gordon an egg type thing that looked a lot like the Pheropods used to seduce Antlions into helping you. The Vortigaunt opened a duct, and four Headcrabs ran out, one of each type, normal, poisonous, fast and a baby headcrab trundled after. "Throw a Pheropod, Mr. Free Man." Gordon complied and threw one near a couple of dead soldiers...the same ones he had killed moments before. The headcrabs instantly ran to it and started attacking the body, one latched onto it and the Soldier got up, zombified. Gordon put his hand on his pistol.

"No, Mr. Free Man! Watch!" the Vortigaunt grabbed a Pheropod and walked into the sewage, the headcrabs instantly poised for attack as Gordon has presumed, and the zombie got ready to lunge for the poor helper, but he applied pressure to the Pheropod and some liquid oozed from the top, the Headcrabs ran by his side and the Zombie walked towards him and stopped. The Vortigaunt walked back up the stairs and smiled, in a wierd alien type way. Xelos turned to the wall and pulled a lever, and a cage descended from the ceiling, in it was a dis-armed Combine Soldier, the same one Gordon had pistol whipped. He grabbed the bars on the cage and rattled them. It dipped into the sewage and stopped, the door opened. "Throw a pheropod at the Soldier, sir." whispered the helper. Gordon did, he saw the headcrabs swarm the soldier and the zombie viciously claw him. The soldier also became Zombified. The Vortigaunt threw a pistol down to the Zombie Soldier, he grabbed it and holstered it, Gordon stepped back, bemused.

"The Soldiers still retain memory of how to do menial tasks, simply throw a pheropod at an enemy and any armed Zombies will fire upon it, while headcrabs attempt to latch onto it." the Vortigaunt once again bowed to Gordon and walked into the sewage, throwing a pheropod into a duct and locking it after the Headcrabs and Zombies had stepped into it. He gave a single wave to Gordon and walked through a door beside the ducts.

The door behind Gordon opened and he swiftly turned around, an aging Barney Calhoun stood there. "Gordon? Wow...you have a habit of appearing at the right time. Great to see you again, buddy." He shook Gordon's hand and walked into the laboratory, Gordon followed. "Now, I'd love to help you Gordon, but I can't risk becoming a Combine spy again. If they caught me, then the whole alliance would be screwed." But ever since your stunt in the Citadel, we've developed and reverse-designed a lot of Combine machinery. We've developed a Combine Gunship, but we only have resources to make one and none of the rebels can fly it..." everyone turned to look at Gordon, except for Judith who had been ushered out by a couple of Vortigaunts. "...what d'ya think, Gordon?" Gordon rolled his eyes and nodded. Barney laughed

"That's the Gordon we all know. Follow me, I'll take you to the GFA. It's a long, dangerous ride. We'll need some weaponry," he looked at the crowbar Gordon had stuffed in his pocket and smiled, "I see you've got everything you need, but let's take some guns just incase," Barney led Gordon through a familiar tunnel, the one to Ravenholm. "After the explosion, most of Ravenholm was burnt down, we found a lot of stuff in a Churchyard there...imagine that, eh? We even found a Priest there, in a tomb surrounded by fire, stocked full of supplies. He'd shot himself rather than succumb to the Zombies, poor bastard. The headcrabs didn't have anything to latch onto," Barney shuddered and shook his head, then stopped and input a code into a small panel on the wall. Gordon's heart sank knowing that the Priest was most likely Father Grigori, the freedom fighter who had aided Gordon during his visit to Ravenholm.

"Come on Gordon, you've been here before, right? Well, look at it now." Barney held out his arm beckoning Gordon to look at what had become of the small town. Where Gordon had once had to climb a ladder, there was now a hi-tech elevator. They both got into it and flew to the top, Gordon was astounded. Ravenholm had transformed into a small metropolis, members of the alliance walked the streets walking into stores and houses, there were bakeries, mini-supermarkets, gunstores, supply-stores...it was a functioning town. Barney led Gordon through familiar streets, where Gordon had first encountered Father Grigori was now a hotel, and the large flame-trap that once had Zombies on pikes was now a statue of Gordon Freeman. People stopped and stared as he walked past. Eventually they reached the Church, Gordon-if he could've- would've laughed as he saw the stained window was a caricature of him in his HEV suit holding a Crowbar. Barney noticed Gordon's bemused look and laughed, "Yeah, that was Alyx's idea. Blame her, heheh." they walked through the familiar graveyard and to the tomb where Father Grigori met his demise. "Come in," Barney opened the tomb and started climbing down a ladder, Gordon followed.

At the bottom there was a weapons storage that must've spanned the whole town. Barney picked up an Alliance Pulse-Rifle, the reverse-engineered version of the Combine's own pulse-rifle. "Take

one, Gordon. there aren't any kick-ass secondary fire chambers, though. The combine took all of the resources; the only one we have is in the Supressor." Gordon nodded and got some ammo for his pistol and was about to get a couple of Grenades when he noticed a startling flaw, he had no space. Barney looked at him fumbling. "Oh, yeah...you need the new HESE suit!" Barney walked towards a chamber holding a suit which looked identical to Gordon's HEV suit. "This is the Hazardous Environment Safety Enhancer suit, it's a lot better than your old suit and can take twice as much battery power, you sort of invented it in the Citadel, when the Overwatch got rid of your weapons, they not only upgraded your gravity gun, they enhanced your suits powers. Put it on." Gordon did so and felt more at home instantly. "All done? Let's go to the GFA then." Barney opened a shutter and walked in, as did Gordon after charging his suit.

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Finished chapter one, I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as i did writing it, re-writing it and still not being happy with it.

This is my first or second proper fan-fiction, not just some stupid unfunny spoof. It's based after HL2 as you can notice, and it's as much from Gordon's point of view as I can, though sometimes I may go off on a tangent, like at the beginning of the story.

What did you think? could it have been longer? Was it laid out badly? Was it plain bad? Did I not capture how the characters would react? R&R please!!!

-Xealos (Kylemacuk1234)

## 2. Intersection 16

**\*\*HALF-LIFE:  
AFTERMATH\*\***

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**\*\*Disclaimer\*\*:**

\_See Chapter  
one.\_

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**\*\*Chapter 2: Intersection 16\*\***

They walked down a flight of stairs and through a decaying door into a small chamber, there were four or five civilians down here, each manning large security stations and one repairing a familiar water-vehicle that had been badly burnt. A few workers turned to look at Gordon and a mumble crept around the room. A man in a smart suit walked up to them. "Mr. Freeman? Wow! We thought you were..." he

stalled and Barney started up another conversation. "We need to borrow the AST. We're going to Intersection 16 and I'm not trawling through that sewage shit barefoot..." Gordon's attention was pulled from the conversation and to a computer screen hanging from the ceiling at the side of the room. It showed the City 17 train station deserted, with a single carriage pulling away from it. Inside it was the G-man, holding a pole staring into the camera. Gordon looked at the worker monitoring the screen. He seemed oblivious to what was happening. Gordon continued watching the screen long after the carriage pulled away. " C'mon Gordon, we can use the AST to get to the GFA." Barney nudged Gordon to follow. They walked through a shutter door and the workers saluted Gordon, "Goodbye Mr. Freeman! Good luck!".

Barney went through another door into a garage, in it was a large tank-like vehicle with a huge Tau Cannon on the top, behind a blue-safety screen. At the back was a horizontal bar with three rusty saws slid across the rail. A worker was polishing them. It also had three spikes on the front with Headcrabs stabbed onto them, Barney chuckled "Heh, you wouldn't believe how sadistically fun that was. Now where's that Vortigaunt? Just a second, I'll be right back." Barney walked into an office protected with bullet-proof glass. Gordon examined the AST in further detail, glancing at the office every couple of seconds.

"It's a beauty, isn't it?" said the worker polishing the saws. Gordon nodded, "completely scratch made, y'know? From the remains of the Citadel." Gordon gave a friendly smile and peered at the room Barney was conferring in. A low mumbling could be heard and Barney was moving his arms about and often pointing at Gordon while the Vortigaunt continuously shook his head. "...the world!" the door swung open and Barney walked out of the office, grimace on his face. The Vortigaunt walked out a second later and stared at Gordon. Gordon stepped away from the ATS door and stood next to Barney, who was mumbling curses to himself as the Vortigaunt reluctantly extended a third arm from his chest and shot a burst of energy from it, unlocking the driver door to the ATS. Barney strided towards the door and opened it, clambering inside. The Vortigaunt walked to Gordon and bowed, "Mr. Free Man, it is an honour to have you here. Take care of our AST. My brother Phamzaz will assist you further when you reach Intersection 16." he gave another bow and walked to a computer terminal, typing up a fax to his brother. Barney poked his head from the door, "Get in the top, I need you to man the cannon." Gordon mounted the cannon and held it's triggers. The large garage door ahead of them rose, dotting the front of the AST with gunk that had congealed in a trench underneath it.

Barney pulled out of the garage, checking the traction of the tank as he did so, and started trundling through a walled in path, the wheels spraying mud from the sides of the vehicle. As he got to the end of this barren path, it started raining and instantly a metal shield was pulled around Gordon from the inner tank. Barney shouted something but it was barely heard through the storm that was brewing. They were in a large forest, probably the only thing of beauty left in this area for the next few miles. They crept through the forest, not wanting to attract any attention. Gordon started to notice the trees started the decay the further into the forest they went. Half an hour passed and the leaves were no longer the luscious green they were at Ravenholm, they were now dark and crispy, whenever the ATS rolled over them sickening crunches echoed throughout the wasteland this



forest was becoming. The trees were now shattered remains and life started to disappear. The storm got heavier, rain started battering the ATS, making large clanking noises. In the near distance, a large weaving structure could be seen just over some hills. A radio beside Gordon burst into life and Barney's voice came through.

"Ok, I got the radio sytem up and running. Up ahead is Intersection 16, won't be long now. Be careful, Gordon- we're entering the badlands, this is where all the radioactive shit and dead bodies were dumped, be ready for hoardes of Zombies and 'crabs," the radio crackled and shut off, Gordon readied the cannon, peering through a red-dot scope for any signs of movement. About 10 minutes passed and Gordon noticed the mud dissipating to make way for Radioactive sewage and dead bodies floating here and there. The geiger meter on his suit went haywire making it harder for him to listen for zombie moans or Headcrab screeches. Suddenly an explosive barrel bobbed from under the sewage and Gordon heard Barney curse before slamming on the AST's breaks, the vehicle shuddered to a halt and tapped the edge of the barrel, causing it to explode, sending carcass and radioactive sludge all around the area. The AST was knocked back and the tracking attached to a large wheel got stuck in a barrel dumpage spot. The radio crackled to life again.

"Gordon, we've stuck in a barrel pit, it's too dangerous to remove the things by hand, try to reach that house on the way up there, see if there's anything we can use to jack the tire tracks up!" Barney's voice fizzled out and Gordon pushed back the metal shielding, planning his form of escape from this radioactive cesspit. He spotted a nearby crate with a motionless zombie positioned across it. With his pistol readied, Gordon crouched and tip-toed his way off the vehicle and towards the crate, aiming at the still headcrab attached to the civilians head. He shot thrice at the 'crab and a slow moan echoed throughout the pit and it was silent again, apart from the pitter patter of rain. Gordon hopped onto the crate, causing it to slowly submerge- he hopped again to the trailer of a semi-truck; he was safe for the time being. A few zombies arose from the bubbling sewage, but Gordon quickly shot them down before they got close to him. He spied a row of barrels stood upright just ahead, he leaped and just caught onto the first one, which bobbed and turned to it's side, panicking he leaped to the end of the line and onto a patch of dry land. He sighed to himself and turned to the AST to see if Barney was ok. As he did a piece of piping bounced off his head, thrown by a zombie he had neglected to shoot. He stumbled back and knocked into another zombie that fell over and impaled himself on the piping just thrown at Gordon, which had lodged itself in some mud. Panting, Gordon stepped over the dead zombie and walked towards the small house just ahead, pistol by his side.

As he neared the house, he noticed a second floor window flooded with light, before turning dark again. Combine? Possibly. Though he personally hoped it was just some civilians escaping the harsh brutality of City 17. A poison headcrab leaped in front of Gordon and he lost his footing, shooting randomly to kill the beast, it flopped dead. Gordon saw a Male Paramedic civilian stood in the upstairs window, he motioned something and turned around, mouthing something Gordon couldn't hear due to the intense storm that was starting to unroot rotted trees. Gordon sprinted towards to house and opened the door. Inside he shook himself off and heard a clatter coming from upstairs. The male civilian ran straight down them and locked himself in the kitchen.

"Get out, man! Get out while you still can! I don't know who you are...but get out!" came a petrified voice from the kitchen. Another clatter came from upstairs, Gordon heard a woman screaming in pure terror, swapped his pistol for a- Crabopod? He sighed, realising how helpful that could've been in moments passed. He put the crabopod back, pulled out his SMG and edged up the stairs with his back against the wall. As he reached the landing, he saw a woman being viscerously torn apart by a foe he had never seen before, her entrails were strewn around the room, and her corpse was a mangled mess. Gordon swallowed and crept towards the monster, before he could surprise it a floorboard beneath him creaked. The beast instantly swung around, alarmed. Gordon now saw it in it's disgusting glory. It had a huge head with two beady eyes and four long teeth that extended from his cheeks added to that were four spindly claws coming from the sides of it's head, it had a long thin body with four arms that looked like sticks, and two thin legs. It was like a headcrab had mated with a 7 year-old tree. It curled it's four arms around and struck Gordon with each one simultaneously.

They stabbed into his HESE suit, instantly draining it of all it's battery power. Blue currents ran up the creature's arm and through it's neck into it's head, the head began pulsing and the creature exploded, sending bile-coloured blood and innards all over the room, the explosion caused the creaky floorboards to give way to the room underneath, the garage. He leaped down and found a couple of batteries that took him back up to 48 power and a door behind him opened, the male civilian from earlier trembled in, "Oh man...M-Mary...she...it came from nowhere, it..." he stumbled out of the room and sat on a couch with his head in his hands, sobbing silently. Gordon scavenged through the stuff in the garage and found a metal Grit collector, that would work perfectly on the Tank. Gordon picked up the bin and stood beside the depressed civilian. "Just...just go, please...i'll be ok", Gordon nodded and walked outside, trudging towards the tank. As he reached the sewage, he heard a gunshot come from the house over his geiger meter. Gordon looked back, a bottom window of the house had been newly sprayed with blood, he lowered his brow and put the bin down, wondering how to transport it across this pit. Before he could think of anything logical, a fast zombie came hurtling towards him, Gordon jumped out of the way and fumbled around for a weapon, he pulled out the Crabopod and threw it as far away as he could, about 5 Zombies and headcrabs arose from the sewage and stumbled after the crabopod. He picked up the bin and started leaping across barrels and discarded crates to the AST. He wedged the bin between the back wheel and a few dented barrels and knocked on Barney's door. The ATS quickly pulled out of the pit and Gordon hopped on, climbing back into the Gunners-seat, the radio crackled to life.

"Great work Gordon, but your suit's got holes all over it, what the hell happened up there?" Barney asked. After a few seconds of awkward silence, Barney muttered something to himself and the radio switched off. They moved on for an hour or so more, bumping over dead Soldiers and Civilians and shredding them up when they were caught in the saws at the back. Eventually, the storm started to settle down and Gordon's geiger meter drained. The sewage turned into concrete and grass and Intersection 16 was just ahead, past a 20 odd metre stretch of water. Barney spotted a small cabin ahead in which there was a Vortigaunt and a couple of resistance workers. They pulled up beside the cabin and got out. "Welcome to the Intersection 16 watch-post, I

am Phamzaz and these are Stephen and Graeme." said Phamzaz, bowing. Graeme smiled, "It's an honour to meet you, sirs." and walked inside the cabin again. He emerged seconds later with two pontoons and a box of tools. He gave a pontoon to Stephen and they started to attach them to the AST.

"My brother sent me a message of your arrival, I assume all was fine?" the Vortigaunt asked, "Yeah, we had some trouble getting your brother to allow us use of this tank, but everything else was a walk in the park" Barney said, with a sarcastic tinge. "I'm afraid my brother can be stubborn but forgive him, please. He has seen two interworld wars and lost most of his family," the workers walked in after attaching the pontoons to the side of the AST. Stephen picked up a notepad and started writing things down and Graeme turned to Gordon and Barney, "The pontoons are attached just fine, we've wired it up so you have to press the cupholder button to lower them, good luck!" he saluted Phamzaz and checked on Stephen. Phamzaz smiled and continued, "Once you reach the other side, you are on your own, we cannot help you in any way. Be alert, as a monster of unknown proportions lies within the heart of Intersection 16. A monster I have only dared to see from here. Many brave travellers have met their demise to it's devastating power. Watch out, even for a legend such as the Free Man it is still a great danger to you both." he bowed and started tapping something into the console. Barney and Gordon got back into the vehicle and a click and whirring was heard as the pontoons lowered. The radio crackled to life, "You heard him, Gordon. We have to be extra special. Good luck, buddy." Gordon looked back, he saw Phamzaz and the workers waving and saying their well-beings, before retreating back into the cabin to work. The storm eased off as they reached the other side, and Barney parked the tank beside a huge pillar holding up part of Intersection 16. It was a huge structure that stretched for miles, in the distance city walls could just be seen peering over the lowest road on the Intersection, and the Citadel's shape could only lightly be seen behind them.

Barney got out of the tank and lowered the safety shield allowing Gordon to jump out, too. He looked in the distance, past a huge circular ravine, to an even larger Combine Wall covering a small, muddy cavern. Barney slammed the side of the tank and shook his head, "Damn, it looks like the Combine's blocked the passage to City 16! You go inside and look for something to blow that bastard up, I'll wait here with the tank....and hurry, Gordon. The Combine send Scanner Patrols every few hours." Gordon looked to the side and saw a small abandoned Control Room, arming his APR he walked in.

Inside he collected some Pistol magazines and noted an unoperational lever beside a HEV recharger He used it to replenish his HESE suit. There were three doors before him, a large metal one and two average wooden ones beside him. He headed into one, which was the Men's restroom, to check his puncture wounds. Inside there were three faucets with mirrors above, and three cubicles adjacent. He carefully edged towards the first faucet/mirror set, aiming his Pulse Rifle from side-to-side, but all seemed clear. Gordon turned to his side and examined the holes, they were patching themselves up nicely, however on a couple of them, a strange green glow was emitted from within. He shrugged it off as the HESE's healing process and placed his hand on his face. He hadn't seen himself properly in a mirror since Black Mesa. Whether it was stress induced or the fact that his time in slow-time-warp wasn't so slow, he was looking a lot older. He

had large bags underneath his eyes and his cheeks were starting to mould to the pattern of his Skull. Considering he was (still) only 27, he looked like he'd been smoking for a few years. In the mirror he noticed a door behind him slowly creak open, and jumped back when he saw there was a headless body slumped against a seat inside. If he had chosen to, he would've shouted an obscenity as the body rose and drug itself towards him. Gordon noticed that there was a black, leech type thing stuck to his back, sucking juices and marrow from his spine. Carefully aiming, he pulled the trigger of his APR and the bullet went straight through the Leech Zombie's rotting chest and into the Leech itself, making it explode. The body fell, dead and cold and Gordon leant against a wall and lowered his head, breathing heavily.

Somewhere high above City 14, a Scanner whirred through the decayed scenery towards a huge, winding structure commonly referred to as Intersection 16. It instantly spotted a resistance member knelt beside a Resistance Vehicle and sent off a silent alarm to Combine Control. It flew down toward the solitary man and chirped, he fell back and slowly wormed towards the tank, hoping he could grab his gun in time, before it- CLICK! Barney was temporarily blinded, and heard a chirp and a flutter before his vision came back. It had gone, and the Combine would be arriving soon. Gordon had better hurry up...

Gordon dawdled out of the bathroom and saw a bright light flash from the corner of his eye, he turned towards it and saw a dazed Barney being hounded by a Scanner. His heart dropped slightly and he perked up, knowing time was of the essence. He pulled open the metal door and descended a long line of steps into a rectangular room harbouring half-built and half-destroyed machinery, there was a large curved panel of glass at the left side of the room, Gordon walked up to it and looked out, it was the heart of Intersection 16. There were four tube-chambers with three energy balls pulsing up and down each, orbiting a large corroded metal fountain type thing, which at the top had a large Scanner-type thing with a cracked red light. He noticed that the energy balls, if compressed into his probably blow that Combine wall away. Gordon lowered his Rifle and knocked an iron maiden, it creaked open and a clear-glass bridge lit up with blue lights, curving towards a small room suspended in mid air.

He cautiously walked across this bridge, turning from side to side to catch out hidden enemies. He finally reached the small "room", which was now revealed to be an elevator with a screen in it. Gordon flicked a switch and the elevator lurched and started falling down, the security screen flickered on, and a man looking amazingly like a younger G-man started speaking.

"Hello, and welcome to \_INTERSECTION 16\_," Gordon could clearly see that the name of the intersection had been electronically inputted. "I am Charles Wright, and I'll be your guide for today. Please don't be frightened by the elevator's alarming speed, we're just preserving..." the screen flickered to the actual G-man and Gordon jumped back, adjusting his glasses, "...time\_, \_Mr. Freeman..." the elevator came to a halt and the screen switched off. Gordon, still slightly trembling, surveyed his surroundings. He was on a platform, and there was a room behind him with three deficated windows. In front of him there was a large circular mangle of machinery and wires, the bottom of the heart of the Intersection. Some cords were hanging loose, and sparks flew in areas where fallen rocks had

snapped or crushed them. He heard a scuttering, and a leech jumped out at him. He shot it down and walked into a room beside him and had a look around for...anything, really. He picked up some SMG rounds and noticed a diagram on the wall, which- from the diagrams illustrations and strange Xenian encodings Gordon figured was a guide on how to raise the heart. From the blueprints, he noticed that the heart had to be raised by way of three power switches on the bottom of it, he looked outside of the room and sure enough, there were three switches, but he was struck by one huge flaw: there was no power. He would have to restore power to the whole place...his attention was drawn to a huge blueprint on a desk in the corner of the room. It was a diagram of the bottom of the heart, there were around about 12 metal arms that retracted when the Heart's warm-up procedure was induced. To turn them on, he would have to go into the Belly of the Beast and press the button which set them off.

He walked out of the room and leaped onto a huge mechanical arm, there he kicked a few small rocks away and pushed some of the larger ones from it. Leaping down, Gordon landed on a huge pebble and hopped off it. He was in a small, dark basement; water dripping from various pipes overhead. A huge terminal crackled to life in the corner of the room and the voice of the young man from the elevator burst through static again. "Welcome to our Power Department \_Mr. Gordon Freeman\_," the final part of this sentence was spoken in a robotic tone, as if it had been plastered on from a database of names. It shocked Gordon a tad bit, until he realised it was supposed to do that. The man went on, "In here is where all of the facility's power is controlled. When this short tutorial finishes, a keypad will emerge from beneath the terminal, simply input your BEAC-CODE and you have control over the whole station, thank you for joining us at \_COMBINE CONTROL\_! Goodbye, \_Mr. Freeman\_" the terminal shut off and a light burst into life above Gordon, flickering. A small lit-up keypad appeared from the terminal. As he fiddled with different combinations of numbers, a wooden door behind him started rattling. He turned around and fell back as four or five Zombies smashed through. He shot anywhere and managed to kill 3 of them, however two of them were still moving towards him. Pulling out a grenade, Gordon tore the pin from it and threw it at a zombie, knocking it back into the other one. He shielded his eyes as yellow pus and blood flew around the room. He stood up and brushed himself off, though some goo still remained stuck to his Lambda logo, he looked down and saw a half-burnt Staff Keycard, there were 6 numbers and a half scorched name at the bottom, engraved in. Gordon was stumped as to what to do with the terminal, so he tried that combination on the card. It worked, and the screen turned on again. A picture of a young man with multiple personal details were displayed, a feminine voice played from behind it. "Welcome back, Sergeant Lee T. Akok. You have three emails..." a mixture of clicking and whirring erupted from the old terminal, and three pieces of paper came out of a Fax machine beside Gordon. Curious, he flicked through them. Just two spam mails and one entitled 'Black Mesa Report', he sat on an old wooden chair and carefully read it.

"Black Mesa Report

- William J. Rawler, Unit 3

MISSION SUCCESSFUL

Stat report:

Subject(s) eliminated

202 soldier deaths, 12 friendly.

140 known enemy deaths.

1 unknown disappearance, considered AWOL or dead.

Officers report:

We arrived at the Black Mesa Research Facility on Monday, 14th July, 1996, 1306 hours. Mission: Eliminate Gordon Freeman and peers. Within 5 minutes of arrival, the enemy opened fire and a helicopter was shot down, 30 deaths were reported. Some of our squadron was separated from the rest of the group, now presumed AWOL or deceased. Immediately our team flanked the right side of the Black Mesa Research Facility. Three of the team were killed by enemy fire. Subject: Gordon Freeman spotted at 1345 hours by Team C inside Facility D-1. 34 casualties and loss of over 15 scanners and turrets. Subject escaped through ventilation ducts. 16 secondary subject eliminations. Subject spotted again at 1420 hours outside facility, subject escaped again; 20 more friendly deaths and two helicopter deaths. Radio message from Corp. Shepard, Adrian at 1532 hours, final known spotting of Freeman walking into "teleporter". Shepard's disappearance from map at 1534. Presumed dead. Remaining soldiers evacuated from facility at 1606 hours after reportage of Nuclear Missile being activated. At 1700 hours we returned to base, a single report comes in of Black Mesa's destruction.

ADDITIONAL NOTES:

-Team A, 12 deaths, 14 casualties, 16 survivals.

-Team B, 42 deaths

-Team C, 41 deaths, one unknown absence.

-Team D, 30 deaths, 12 survivals

-Team E, never arrived, presumed all dead.

-Team F, all choppers killed, 42 deaths

-1 preliminary subject death

-50 secondary subject deaths

-90 enemy deaths

Comments:

Sergeant Akor, sir;

The enemies we report of...weren't just terrorists strapped with AKs. They were monsters, mutants...aliens. I don't care if it's confidential, sir. I want to know what the hell happened up there at Black Mesa. We can't tell families that their sons and husbands were killed by morons with guns. That's an understatement. These things were unstoppable. They could shoot energy, make your head explode by

crying and take over your body by latching onto your head. Jesus, it was like hell. Some teams who never even knew of the Black mesa incident have reported sightings on alien type creatures that we saw there. I demand a full explanation or I'll tell the world about this.

I would also like to note that the Government Man seen patrolling our basecamp was at Black Mesa. Strolling through "aliens" as if it were nothing. Who is he and how did he sneak onto the grounds without us knowing? We had EVERY entrance covered.

.I want answers, Lee. Send me the beacon when you're ready to talk. Here's my beacon code.

BEAC-PASS 100654 ZX81"

The rest of the page were just names of those deceased, including scientists. He was surprised to see the likes of Eli Vance and Isaac Kleiner on there, it seems they \*\*do \*\*cover up failed missions. Go figures. He stopped with the nostalgia and got to work. Gordon looked through Sergeant Lee T. Akor's files to see if there was any way he could switch power on. Bingo, there was a password protected icon called "Distress Beacon". Gordon would have to work quick. He would have to set the beacon off, go upstairs and raise the structure to the top, take an energy ball and shoot it at the wall, escaping with Barney before the Combine discovered the beacon. It was dangerous, but it was their only chance of survival. Gordon used the beacon pass and- with crossed fingers- pressed enter. It worked and the arms slowly powered up. Gordon climbed up them and ran the the elevator before they could cut him up. As he hopped into the elevator, a large roar sound was heard and the rocks started to tremble. He stabbed the 'up' button with his finger and the elevator flew towards the ceiling. Gordon hopped out before the elevator had time to initiate it's "goodbye" message, and he ran through the rooms and up the stairs into the cabin. As he got to the cabin door, he saw a Combine dropship hover above Barney and the AST. Gordon was too late. Barney was being dragged kicking and screaming.

"Let go! Let go you alien assholes!" he struggled, but was eventually zapped by a Combine. They all chuckled, "We're is gonna love having you as a stalker, former Civil Protection officer Calhoun!" they all laughed again, harshly throwing Barney into the ship. Gordon ran out of the cabin and started shooting at the Combine Soldiers, instantly nailing two of them in the head. Four more popped out.

"Gordon! Gordon, help! They're gonna make me into a Stalker, Gordon! HELP!" Barney cried amidst the firefight in front of him. Tactical chatter clouded up the noise even more as Gordon shot another two Combine, taking some bad damage himself. He retreated to the Cabin and made use of the HEV charger inside. He ducked and rolled back out, 'lovely overkilling' another Combine. "Outbreak! Outbreak!" were the final screams of the final Soldier as Gordon readied his gun, but before Gordon could shoot the frightened soldier, a blue tentacle whipped from the large hole in the ground and pulled the Combine in. A sickening crunch was heard and a mangled corpse was propelled from the hole and landed on the dropship. It raised and flew into the distance, Gordon could just watch. He grimaced and ducked into the cabin, thoughts crowded his mind. What was that thing? How can he kill it? Is Barney going to be OK?. He cracked his neck and arms before pulling the lever and raising the beacon. He ran and hid

behind a pillar and waited. Within seconds a terrifying roar was heard and another large blue tentacle thing slammed into the masonry, causing it to crack. Gordon dodged the falling rocks and ran from behind the pillar, shooting in the thing's general direction. Here he finally saw "it". A large fountain stood rusting and dirty in the middle of the Intersection, crumbling rock around it, instant death-style, there were four large tubes coming from under the crumbling floor with pulsing energy balls in them. Corpses were attached to various parts of it, reminding Gordon of Ravenholm. On top was a large flashing red light. But the star of the show was a sluglike creature curled around some bars at the bottom, six blue tentacles that looked more like whips made of pure blue energy were attached to its side. Four were dangling in the air, one was poised for attack and another was toying with a zombie corpse.

It was around now that Gordon realised how helpful it could've been if he had a Gravity Gun, how the hell is he going to get those energy balls from the tubes? He hid in the cabin and slapped himself on the head for being so stupid. He had seen multiple ones in the New-Ravenholm storage room! His self-hate was crushed, along with a wall when a tentacle came through the wall and into the bathroom. It retracted and hit a tube, knocking an energy ball out of the chamber. The energy ball bounced into the fountain and underneath the monster. It exploded and the thing screamed and breathed heavily. Gordon got a few rounds in here, which did no damage at all to the beast. He would have to stand in a position where the monster would hit the balls out of the tube and into itself. He circled the monster and ran back into the cabin. It did the exact same thing and hit itself with another energy ball. It roared and brought another tentacle into the game, swinging them both near Gordon causing him to jump. Gordon tried to use this "scissor" attack to his advantage and jumped near a tube. The thing swung its tentacles, Gordon jumped too early and one tentacle hit him, paralysing his legs. It retracted and hit the tube, hitting it and damaging itself. The other tentacle hit the combine wall and made it crumble. If Gordon could use his legs again before he was killed, he could make the monster knock down the Combine wall and kill itself! He crawled behind a pillar and started hitting his legs, willing them to move, unbeknownst to him, a tentacle was slithering towards him. It grabbed one of his legs and flung him up onto one of Intersection 16's roads. It crumbled and fell, trapping a tentacle and knocking some power back into Gordon's lower body, he slowly got up, in terrible pain and braced himself. A female voice was emitted from his HESE suit. "Damage Critical! User Death Imminent. Health: 30". Gordon started to panic and he had a wild thought. He ran up to the fountain, jumped the gap and skidded underneath the alien. In his mind he had a flawless plan, he just hoped it would work. The monster got angry and raised its five remaining arms. It swung them down towards Gordon, he winced and heard a scream. Opening his eyes he saw that his plan had worked. The thing had punctured itself 5 times. Instant-death style.

He smiled to himself and jogged towards the Cabin, happy that his legs were still in working order, he used the Health and the rest of the HEV rechargers. After calming himself down, he looked at the combine wall. He still needed a way to knock it down and was all out of ideas. He looked at the crushed tentacle, and around the room he was in. Three discarded cups, a plate of toast and a knife, a bin full of paper, half eaten food and some springs, a mini-fridge with some fridge magnets, a net and a Vacuum cleaner. Something in his brain clicked into place and he had an idea. He would make a weapon



out of these simple items, in true Matlock style. He got the knife and started sawing off the crushed tentacle. It was a bit mangled, but it was fine. At the bottom of the severed tentacle he screwed the spring on. He took all of the magnets from the fridge-magnets and attached them around the spring. He got the Vacuum cleaner and snapped off the part with the brush that sucks in dirt, leaving the plastic part that collects the dirt and the handle/ power button. He coiled the tentacle around a pipe inside the plastic tube, with the sharp edge just hanging out. He then bent the handle of the net and attached it to the end of the vacuum tube, to stop the tentacle slipping out, he would have to pull the handle downwards to be able to shoot the tentacle out. It would take up time, but it was his only choice. He ripped the plug from the vacuum and took the wires out, rewiring them to the power button and magnet, he had turned the vacuum into an electromagnet powered weapon! He would press it and the tentacle would rapidly shoot out, another click would pull it back. He knew his wasted days at University would pay off.

He tested his new contraption on, what he had nicknamed the \_Hydra'\_s corpse, resting the vacuum handle on his shoulder he released the net and shot it, it went through the Hydra like a hot knife through butter and pounded the Combine wall, making it crumble. He repeated and eventually the wall plummeted, smashing the beacon and knocking the whole fountain structure back into the heart, a slam was heard and the floor started crumbling. Gordon quickly jumped into the AST and drove over the wall into the cave past it, dodging the crumbling floor. He put the brakes on and got out to watch the carnage, the whole thing crumbled into nothingness, including a large amount of Intersection 16, the size of the ravine was immense, Gordon walked close to the edge and looked down the ravine. It seemed to have no end. He looked back up and saw the G-man walk into the cabin moments before it was crushed by a rock, Gordon's heart skipped a beat, he never gets used to those strange appearances. He walked to the AST and smiled to himself, another win for the Alliance! Gordon hopped in and slammed the accelerate pedal, happy to be out of Intersection 16. As he sped through the cave a screen on the dashboard turned on, Gordon saw a male alliance worker in a HESE uniform, the video was slightly scrambled but easy to understand. "Mr. F-Freeman? Is-s that you-ou? We hav-ve you on rada-r now. You'll see us-s in abo-out an ho-ur. It's an hono-our to finall-ly meet you! We-e'll drop some supp-pplies up ahead." An explosion came through and the screen flickered. "What do y-you mea-an it-s escap-ped? God-damnit!" the screen switched off and the tunnel started to get dark, up ahead light poured through. Now Gordon's mission was to save Barney.

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I hope you enjoyed chapter two! Due to time restrictions, it's taken just over a week to write. Sorry for some bad description...but some stuff was hard to describe!

I will try to get some pictures of the weapon and monsters online. I hope it wasn't too cheesy to incorporate Adrian and the Hydra into this chapter. Don't worry, that's not the last you'll see of Corporal Shepard.

BTW, if anybody feels they would like to use any ideas from this and

make a HL2 mod for it, I would happily comply. Email me at

- Xealos (Kylemacuk1234)

PS: Thanks for the help, Zaz!

End  
file.